The Seed Sower.

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Golden Silences.

There is a silence that saith, "Ah, me!"
  There is a silence that nothing saith;
    One the silence of life forlorn,
  One the silence of death;
One is, and the other shall be.

One we know and have known for long,
  One we know not, but we shall know,
    All we who have ever been born;
  Even so, be it so,—
There is silence, despite a song.

Sowing day is a silent day,
  Resting night is a silent night;
    But whoso reaps the golden corn
  Shall shout in his delight,
While silences vanish away.

Golden Glories.

The buttercup is like a golden cup,
  The marigold is like a golden frill,
The daisy with a golden eye looks up,
  And golden spreads the flag beside the rill,
  And gay and golden nods the daffodil.
The gorsey common swells a golden sea,
  The cowslip hangs a head of golden tips,
And golden drips the honey which the bee
  Sucks from sweet hearts of flowers and stores and sips.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Dr. Horton on the Trinity.*

Of recent popular apologists for the doctrine of the Trinity in some form or other—and they are numerous—the eloquent Hampstead preacher is the most important. His book comprises a novel re-statement of Trinitarian doctrine very earnestly advanced and maintained with no mean intellectual and spiritual force. His theology, indeed, differs widely from any which has ever been accounted orthodox; but the tenacity with which he clings to Trinitarian language while departing far from accepted Trinitarian formulæ serves to illustrate the peculiar fascination which the Trinitarian tradition retains for a certain order of minds. We shall see that his interesting volume contains a great deal more than an exposition of the Trinity; but in his own mind all else appears to be subordinate to the proclamation and enforcement of a Trinitarian interpretation of God and Christ.

That his, however, is no orthodox Trinitarian doctrine becomes plain in his earliest pages. We have no longer three Persons in one God in any sense whatever of the term "Person." The second and the third members of the Trinity are not regarded as co-ordinate or commensurate. Symmetry is confessedly

* "The Trinity," by Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. London: Horace Marshall and Son, 1901.

abandoned; and while the Son is a Person in Dr. Horton's theology, the Holy Spirit is not seemingly a distinct Person at all, "but is rather the quickening revelation of Jesus Christ as the Son, and of God as the Father." —(p. 9).

I do not know how better to describe the impression produced on my mind by those sections of this book which are expressly expository of the Trinity than to liken it to the impression I receive when I read about space of four dimensions. The treatise of your mathematician or metaphysician for a while moves smoothly on, words calling up images, and sentences ideas, which the understanding appropriates without conscious effort, till presently you discover that this is no longer so. The language is akin, the words are the same, the grammatical structure is clear, all the machinery for the conveyance of thought is there, but all at once there ceases to be any receptivity in your brain, any response in your understanding, any recognition or appropriation of ideas. It is because the author is now treating of a world of four dimensions, and you have neither experience nor faculty to give you key or clue to what he means.

Now, when I find myself involved in a treatise on space of four dimensions, I do not set it down as nonsense. There may be meaning in it—and truth too—for all I know. But the meaning is quite outside my apprehension. That may be because the essayist is treating of vagaries to which no objective reality whatever corresponds; or it may be because my brain is a defective organ having no power to apprehend ideas in the realm of four-dimensioned space.

In like case am I when Dr. Horton and others of the sundry modern schools discourse Trinitarian doctrine. Page after page of introduction runs smoothly enough for me, and often delightfully as well; but, lo! suddenly I realise that words are calling up no images, sentences no ideas. It is not that they speak in a foreign tongue. Their words I know. Their phrases I can parse. But the connection between language and idea is for me hitched off. The world they are traversing may be real. But it has no reality for me. The explanation again may be that they are weaving imaginations to which no objective reality answers, or it may be pure defect in me. But it remains that I can neither accept nor refute their teaching. For I cannot meet them on the same plane.

So it is with me when Dr. Horton offers expositions of the respective work of Father, Son, and Spirit in the human soul, of the relation of the Christian to each of these several entities—if entities they be—and of the duty incumbent on us in respect to each.

But the essayist on four-dimensioned space has at least no denunciations for the denizen of such poor space as knows only height and length and breadth—nothing worse than a sort of intellectual compassion. On the other hand, the exponent of the Trinity proceeds to tell you that your soul's salvation depends on your approaching Christ by the route laid down in the Trinitarian chart. How evil then the case of the reader who has been wholly unable to understand that chart or to distinguish its parallels of latitude and longitude! I have had the most genuine and earnest desire to understand Dr. Horton as I read him. I have honestly striven, for the time being at any rate, to assume towards him a discipular attitude. He and other Trinitarians are so certain that they have laid hold of a transcendent truth and so eloquently describe the buoyancy its apprehension gives to life, that I declare in all simplicity that I have been visited by great longings to understand them. But I cannot. When, therefore, Dr. Horton tells me that there is a certain mental or spiritual act which I must perform if I would receive the salvation of Christ, and that there is no other salvation for me to receive, it is truly disheartening to find myself quite unable to understand what that act is or how I must set about it. And I cannot help feeling a little unfairly treated when he assures me that I have only myself to blame if I reject this proffered means of grace. And I confess I thank God that I have, after all, my simple Unitarian version of Christianity to fall back on, and can go straight to my Father and trust in Him, without recourse to this Trinitarian plan of salvation which the Hampstead preacher deems the only authorised way.

The basal discourse in this volume, that on "the Trinity" itself, contains two leading representations against both of which I feel bound to enter protest. The one is what I can only refer to as a false representation of

Unitarian Christianity; the other is a defective representation of the revelation given by Jesus.

To begin with the former. Unitarianism, says Dr. Horton, "surrenders the revelation of God in Christianity, to fall back on the revelation of God in Judaism." (pp. 14, 15). One can only reply that, however honestly made, the statement is untrue. Unitarianism, as exhibited in all its best and most representative writers—Channing, Parker, Martineau, Thom, Beard, and others—insists with every variety of insistence on the revelation of God given by Jesus, the revelation of a Father ever accessible to His children's prayer and full of tenderest care and love for men—a revelation of which Judaism did indeed give the small beginnings, but which Jesus developed into a strength and intensity absolutely unapproached before his day, and of the most transcendent significance to the spiritual progress of mankind. Again, Dr. Horton says that, by the Unitarian method, "God recedes, and in the Christian sense, the sense in which Christianity has taught us to know Him, he is lost." (pp. 15, 16). "The vision has gone." Monotheism, unless penetrated by the Trinitarian interpretation, "recognises a transcendent God; away on the horizon or beyond it, He wields His august sceptre, to be reverenced and feared, but hardly to be approached." (p. 18). Such statements bewilder by their audacity. Has Dr. Horton never read a line of Channing or Parker or Martineau? Yet if he has any acquaintance with them at all, how can he make statements in direct contradiction of the facts, like these? The masters of Unitarianism have been the great expositors of God's Fatherhood. Of Channing even Trinitarians have again and again acknowledged that he recalled the Church to the recognition of the Fatherhood. The very essence of that interpretation of Christianity which is called Unitarian is that it regards the Fatherhood of God as so real, so close, that the human child is able to approach Him and commune with Him and realise his sonship without the aid of any mediator or intercessor whatsoever.

But if Dr. Horton misrepresents his Unitarian neighbours, not less strangely it seems to me, does he misrepresent Jesus of Nazareth himself. For he appears to ignore not only an element, but what it is difficult to regard as other than the central and fundamental element, in the revelation made by Jesus to mankind. "The fact of the Trinity," says he, "is not only found in the New Testament; it may be said to *be* the New Testament." (P. 4). The New Testament, he adds, reveals that within the being of God there are three names distinguishable, the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. This is in his mind the one essential revelation that came to man by Jesus Christ—the revelation of certain complex relations within the being of God, which were afterwards worked up into the orthodox Trinitarian formulæ. If it were not for that, we should gather, at least from this first and dominant chapter, there would be nothing to distinguish the New Testament from the Old, nothing more in the one than in the other to inspire the religious life and bring the soul into conscious contact with God.

Now this revelation of the Trinity may or may not be in the New Testament. I do not find it there myself or any hint of it. It seems to me to be only got out of the documents by those who have first put it in. But I know that many scholars and theologians of great distinction do think that they find it and believe with all their mind and strength that it is embedded there. And for the moment it will not hurt my argument to concede the point and allow that possibly the New Testament reveals the Trinity. But when the theologian proceeds to pass by and ignore that other revelation which he who runs may read on every Gospel page, I cannot but cry "Halt!" I cannot stand by and see the message of Jesus sifted of its most precious and characteristic contents.

What are those contents? One would have thought indeed that about that there could be no manner of doubt. It is a plain fact of history, requiring no theological subtlety whatever to discover it, but patent to every reader, luminous on every page.

The Jesus of the Gospels delivers himself of one message with a clearness, a perspicuity, a vivacity, a constancy, an assurance, an enthusiasm, a glowing intensity of conviction, which force it on the attention of the hastiest reader. That message is that God is our Father, that the whole relation between Him and us is capable of statement in terms of the relation of a child to a father and of a father to a child. There is no suggestion of a sonship within the Deity to make this fatherhood

available; no suggestion of the need of the intervention of a third agency—the Holy Spirit—to bring it into action. It is there, the simple fatherhood, a statement of the relation of God to man.

I have elsewhere line by line traced this revelation of God's fatherhood in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.* I will not now reiterate what must be familiar to every Gospel reader. The Fatherhood is there, the shining message of the Gospel page, the pre-eminent revelation made by Jesus Christ. Any representation which puts anything else in front of that is an absolute misrepresentation of the historic Jesus and his message to mankind.

And indeed Dr. Horton gives us but one more example of the amazing—I had almost written the appalling—scepticism of many who claim to have a faith richer and more Christian than the Unitarian. He dismisses any communion between the Father and His children which is not arrived at through the Trinitarian interpretation, or in which the second and third factors—I must not say persons—of the Trinity do not separately discharge their functions. The Father in Himself is inaccessible, and cannot be approached save through the revelation of the Son and by the operation of the Holy Spirit.† It is this blank scepticism concerning any immediate and independent touch between the Father and the human soul that so astonishes a simple reader of the Gospels, and so greatly saddens such as know in the deepest experiences of life the closeness and tenderness of this dear Fatherhood quite apart from the machinery of the Trinitarian Theology.

But when Dr. Horton escapes for a little while from the meshes of his particular theology, he has much to say which is profoundly interesting and impressive. Few more luminous essays in religious exposition have recently been written than most of his chapters on "The Depths of God." Much that he has said concerning the Wealth, the Wisdom, the Knowledge, and the Power of God may be matched from Unitarian and other Theistic writers, but none has said these things more finely or more lucidly. Our sole cause of quarrel here is the implication that these revelations can only come to the mind and heart of him who accords with Dr. Horton's Trinitarian theology. From these noble chapters, so touched and permeated with the spirit of modern science, it is somewhat bewildering to pass on to a chapter on "The Depths of Satan," in which Dr. Horton plunges back unhesitatingly into an unmitigated mediævalism. He believes soundly in the personal devil.

> "There is at work in this world, only for a season and for a definite and divinely ordained object, a strong spirit of evil, who, in his pride and folly and rebellion, has assumed a kind of rivalry with God. . . . He wields formidable thunderbolts, he brags, he hisses, he destroys . . . using in all probability the disembodied spirits of his dupes, just as he uses the embodied spirits of wicked men here, he toils with malignant energy to frustrate the purpose of God in human affairs." (p. 175).

It is, indeed, a relief to learn that "we have no reason to suppose that Satan is known outside this planet," and that "so far as we can tell, he has no significance in Mars, and in those happier systems which sparkle on the brow of night that rebel spirit is probably unknown." (p. 174). But it is difficult to realise the structure of a mind which can in one book give forth sentences such as the above and the splendid theistic expositions which I have noticed in other sections of the volume.

There are many other matters in this book which tempt to discussion. I will, however, content myself with thanking Dr. Horton for the beautiful passages in the chapter on "A Life hid with Christ in God," in which he

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* "Back to Jesus." London: Philip Green.

† "All our hope and faith that God is love must rest in the last resort on the Truth of Christ. If Christ be true, if we correctly understand His person [!], His message, His working, we know that the Creator of this universe is Love. But if not, we have no sure ground to rest on; our faith and hope cannot be sufficiently established to afford purchase for action. Apart from Christ it is open to any man to maintain that God is an unknown Force, inexorable, indifferent to human suffering, regardless of human life, a concatenation of awful uniformities which move like a car of Juggernaut over prostrate human beings to some inhuman goal." (p. 137).

"Not only is the Father unknown except through Christ; we may be assured that the Father is unknowable except through Him. Fatherhood implies sonship. Until the Son was seen the Father could not be known. And unless the Son willed to reveal the Father to men, they could never know Him." (p. 198).

describes the spiritual impression made by men and women who are leading a true Christian life. "There is a look of tranquility, there is a freedom from censoriousness, there is a sunny patience, there is a quiet resolution," and so forth. (p. 257). Yes, that is so; and very exquisitely does Dr. Horton picture these marks of holy souls. But he must not insist on citing them as proofs of the Trinitarian theology; for all these have I seen in saints of God remote from that belief as two sunny climes in antipodean quarters of the world.

RICHARD A. ARMSTRONG.

Miseremus.

The shadows lengthen and the sunlight dies
  in hectic glow above the waving trees,
Its parting hymn breathed forth in lullabies
  By the soft rustling of the evening breeze.

See you yon ivied wall, whose sombre grey
  Recks little of the onward march of Time,
Bearing as yet no traces of decay
  To mar the beauty of each curved line.

Above, the storeyed western window stands
  (Painted by one now numbering with the dead)—
Scenes of the Blessed Life in holy lands,
  And one sad picture of a thorn-crowned Head.

Look how the rosy light on that bright pane
  Reflects a radiance dazzling to behold,
Falling aslant a headstone, where I fain
  Would pause to read the history thereon told.

Only one word marks out that lonely spot—
  Only one word, with deepest sadness fraught:
"Miseremus," most wretched! Pass it not,
  But follow on the saddened train of thought.

Think on and pity this poor soul, whose life
  Was all so full of woe and deep unrest,
That peaceful death, ending its earthly strife,
  Could bring with him no glorious vision blest.

Leave not the lonely grave without one prayer
  For all the sorrow-laden and the lone:
Pray that for them a silver lining fair
  May chase the clouds which veil the great unknown.

The shadows deepen, twilight now draws nigh;
  No sunset frames the west in ruby red;
The breeze dies softly in a farewell sigh,
  And rest and peace are with the weary dead.

Lessons from St. Matthew's Gospel.

"He who in the present state of knowledge will confine himself to the plain meaning of words, and the study of their context, may have more of the original spirit and intention of the authors of the New Testament than all the controversial writers of former ages put together."
—JOWETT.

We won't begin with what different people say about the date of Matthew's Gospel, nor what they say about the writer of it. We won't even begin quite at the beginning of the Gospel itself. We will leave the long list of names and the story of the birth of Jesus, at any rate for the present, and begin with the story of John the Baptist in the 3rd chapter. Read the chapter through carefully and then ask how this man strikes you. To understand the character and work of John the Baptist helps us to understand his time and throws light upon the work and character of Jesus. Let us ask ourselves two questions:—(1) What sort of a man was John the Baptist? (2) How does he compare with Jesus? There are three things that help us to understand him. He preaches in the wilderness; he speaks very boldly and bitterly; He does not expect to do much good, but he believes that someone else is coming who will succeed where he has failed. To hear of a man preaching in the wilderness ought to strike us at once; it is such a curious place to choose. A preacher with a message burning in his soul would naturally go to a synagogue, or a town market place, or a village square. This is what Jesus did—"He went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues." When he withdrew into the wilderness, it was to pray and not to preach. —People who had heard him in towns and villages followed him into the wilderness, and then, of course, he preached to them. But we do not hear of John in any towns at all. He was a strange, rough, lonely man; he had separated himself from the life of his time, he did not like it, he did not see any promise in it, he did not feel he could do much good to it. That is the impression that this preaching in the wilderness makes on us. He is a man without confidence in himself, he is melancholy; he might have said with Hamlet:

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

People seek him he does not seek them. He is not a preacher full of love and pity and helpfulness; he sounds a stern alarm note, "Flee from the wrath to come." The Jews were in an excitable state; they were frightened, and they went out into the wilderness in thousands to be baptized and to confess their sins.

John speaks very boldly and bitterly to them. He does not seem at all glad to see them. He says "Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" How is this? He sees that they come to him not because they want to obey God but because they are afraid. He thinks very badly of them and he tells them so. He is very brave and independent and clear-sighted. He sees how selfish and weak and wicked the world is, and he speaks his mind without any fear. Sometimes, when we see the wrong-doing in the world and feel angry and bitter, we think if we could only tell people how bad they are, we should be able to cure it all. That is what a famous cynic, *Jacques*, in Shakespeare's play of "As You Like It," thought:

> "Give me leave
> To speak my mind and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
> If they will patiently receive my medicine."

John speaks out, but he knows all the time that scolding and fear will not do much good. The most striking thing about John is that he feels someone else will succeed where he fails. "He that cometh after me is mightier than I. He shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire." Those words show how great John was. He was great not in victory but in defeat. He saw that the world was bad; he saw that his method of baptism would not make it really good; he felt that it was not given to him to speak the word and bear the message which would bring healing and peace. But he did not despair; he was certain that it could be done, and that someone stronger and better than himself would be sent to do it. It is a fine thing to see a difficulty and to overcome it, but there is something finer in the man who fights with all his strength to overcome a difficulty and then if he fails still holds to the belief that someone else will overcome it. Compare the old man who says to the enthusiastic youth, "I have tried all these plans and loved all these ideals of yours, years ago, and failed, and therefore of course you will fail as well," with the old man who says, "I have tried all these things and failed and I am certain someone will succeed. Go on in God's name." Which is the wisest man, which the most useful man, which is the man who really loves and believes in God?

And now compare John with Jesus. What difference strikes you between the story of John's life and that of Jesus? One difference must strike us at once. There are no miracles recorded of John. How do you explain this? If you believe in miracles you may explain it very simply by saying that Jesus did work miracles and John did not. If you don't believe in miracles you may explain it by saying that John's life is told more accurately than the life of Jesus. I think there is another truer explanation which points to a real difference between John and Jesus. First of all there was more poetry and romance and mystery about the life of Jesus which set men's imagination to work and made them dwell lovingly upon his work and words. There is that element of mystery, of something far beyond our understanding, in the lives of all the greatest and best of men. It was through this deep wonder and reverence which Jesus roused in men's hearts that miracles were ascribed to him.

But there is another reason, Jesus cared for human life, in every part of it, he wanted to help the body as well as the soul. He visited the sick, he liked to watch the farmer at work and to talk with him, he was interested in everything that went on about him, in feasts and funerals, in courts of justice, and in public worship. The miracles show that people felt here was a man who lived and worked amongst them, influencing body as well as soul, and public affairs as well as private religion.

John cared for nothing but the soul. He was one of those men who said, "never mind whether you are sick or well, happy or unhappy, rich or poor, never mind whether your nation is at war or in peace, never mind what your wages are, never mind what your work may be—I have nothing to do with politics, nothing to do with social affairs, nothing to do with poverty or sickness—my concern is with the soul and with the soul alone. Repent and be baptized."

People felt that Jesus cared for every part of life, he was not sternly indifferent to sorrow or pain or poverty. He cared most to make men good, but he wanted to help them in every way he could, he lived their life, and bore their burdens, and suffered in their sorrows. We must not be unjust to John: there is something very bracing in this total indifference to outward conditions, in this simple appeal to the soul to repent, but when we compare it with the keen interest and loving sympathy of Jesus, we see that it is not enough.

Lastly, compare the message of John and Jesus. These are given in exactly the same words, "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Compare Matt. iii. 2—iv. 17.

But how different is the effect! "The kingdom of heaven is at hand" says John, meaning that something dreadful is going to happen. He frightens men with a sense of imminent danger. The judgment day is near, when "every tree that beareth not good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire." Jesus uses these very words too in the Sermon on the Mount. No doubt John's thought of the kingdom of heaven influenced him to some extent. But the coming of the kingdom did not mean to Jesus something merely dreadful. He taught his disciples to pray "Thy kingdom come." He longed for it as for something infinitely beautiful and good. It would be a revelation of the power and love of God, and therefore not terrible and disastrous, but glorious and lovely. It was a different view of human life and divine guidance. John's mind was full of sin and punishment. The mind of Jesus was full of love for man and trust in God.—H. Gow.

The House of Life.

(SUGGESTED BY THE ALLEGORICAL PAINTINGS OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.)

I.

"Time, Death, and Judgment."

Time with his scythe
Mows down the reapers,
Passes away
The glory of worlds.

II.

Pass all the roses,
With lingering odour,
Paler and paler,
"Love and Death."
Petal by petal;
Time never ages;
Dust are the roses,
Memory lingers.

III.

Why to the House of Life
Comest thou, Wanderer,
Sad and reluctant?
Whither Law biddeth thee
Still must thou go;
Still must thou mount
The steps of Home, staying not,
Breaking the branches,
Scattering the rose-leaves;
Pass through the doorway
Twinëd with jessamine;
Vainly we struggle
To hold our belovëd ones:
None may resist thee;
Ever the turtle-dove
Moans in her loneliness.

IV.

"Love and Life."

Still up the steeps of life
Clamber we fearfully;
Strong Love emboldens us,
Else lay we down,
Stepped o'er the precipice,
Hurled into nothingness;
Still where Love leadeth us
Violets are strewn;
Ever Love holdeth us
Tenderly, steadfastly,
Looketh upon us;
Then, though we tremble,
Still we look up to him,
Still we mount onward,
Firm on the rocky way
Under the blue.

V.

"The All-Pervading."

Thou who pervadest all;
Thou who sustainest all
Systems and flowers;
Faintly we speak of Thee,
Uttering a whisper,
A breath of Thy thunder;
Painfully hinting
A touch of Thy Mind;
Dreaming of Love Divine
Like to love human;
Doubting and questioning;
"Psyche."
Thou comest in darkness
And fleëst our seeing.

VI.

"Mammon."

Still Mammon crushes
Love and all loveliness,
Tramples the hero-heart
Down in the dust;
Holdeth high Court,
Thronëd and crownëd:
Soon he shall pass;
"The Minotaur."
Victim and minotaur
Shriek, and are gone.

"Jonah."

Wildly the prophet
Crieth—who heedeth him?
Ruthless to Mammon
Rush all his worshippers,
(Ministers to him
The Priest of the Temple);
Throngs unto Bacchus
Reel and bow down;
He in the wilderness,
Maddened and impotent,
Crieth alone.

VII.

"Chaos."

On the world moves
From fiery nebulæ
To globes whirling molten
Shrouded in blackness,
To massing of strata,
To chaos of waters,
To warmth and to light,
To herb and to being,
To man and man's highest
By struggles Titanic
Wrested with blood:
To waning of worlds
Moon-cold and sunless.

VIII.

"Hope."

Now in the twilight
Of night or of dawning,
Wearied and desolate,
Awed by the vastness,
Blindfold with mystery,
Not daring to fathom
The sweep of the systems,
The depth of the blue;
Weary of knowledge
That goadeth and saveth not,
Hope with her lyre,
Yearning and listening,
Toucheth the string,
The string that remaineth,
Heareth the music,
The music that lingereth:
Is it the tremor
Of night or of dawn?

IX.

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."

Passes the world,
The shield and the spear,
The gauntlet and gage;
Pass all the roses;
The book of the scholar,
The lute of the minstrel,
The cup that was quaffed,
The ermine of monarchs:
Nothing abides
Save love that we gave.

"The Court of Death."

Unto Death's Court
Cometh the monarch,
Yieldeth his crown;
Cometh the warrior,
Handeth his sword;
Cometh the scholar
Sad from his books;
Cometh a maiden
Weary, and wrappeth her
Close in Death's folds;
Cometh the cripple,
Layeth his burden;
Cometh the beggar,
Asketh no dole;
Cometh the little child
Innocent, playing.

"The Messenger."

Gently the Messenger
Comes to the over-worn,
Comes to the agëd,
Comes to the wronged ones,
Blessëd Consoler;
Like a kind Nurse
Puts them to bed;

"Death Crowning Innocence."

Taketh the babe
Motherly, tenderly,
Freeing from evil.

X.

"Aspirations."

Blithe at life's dawn
Fares the young warrior,
Shining his armour;
Knows not the perils,
Knows not the burden;
Say, will he conquer?
Say, will he fall?

"The Happy Warrior."

Stricken he lies!
Lo, he hath conquered!
Earth's voices vanish,
Cometh the vision:
He followed the gleam.

XI.

"The Dweller in the Innermost."

Thou in the Innermost
Dwelling and lighting us;
Lighting us dimly,
Lighting us surely;
Thee only we trust in,
Thou only shalt guide us;
Pure-hearted dreamer,
Reader of mysteries,
Light of the soul!

XII.

"Love Triumphant."

After long wanderings
Love's dreaded ministrants
Willing lie down
(Evil that spurred to good
Needed no longer);
Time with his scythe
Moweth no longer,
Death no more looketh
Sad on the roses:
Love, the Eternal,
Riseth alone.

HARROLD JOHNSON.

Mrs. Gaskell.

"NOBLE BEYOND WORDS."

Over the door of the new Post Office in the quaint, old Cheshire town of Knutsford has been placed the portrait in bronze bas-relief reproduced in the above photograph.* It bears no author's name—only a book, a laurel wreath, and a pen. But the book is labelled "Cranford," and over another door in the building one may read "The Cranford Club." Here is evidence enough, not only to Knutsford, but to the world as well, that this is Mrs. Gaskell.

The portrait will serve, but those who remember Mrs. Gaskell do not like it over well. For she was very beautiful as a girl, and to the last her speaking face was full of soul. Soft, winning eyes, bright, tender smiles, a musical voice, and perfect hands, all lent to

*Reproduced by permission from "Mrs. Gaskell and Knutsford," by Rev. Geo. A. Payne.

her a refined and gracious presence in outward agreement with an inner thought and spirit which, in the language of one of her daughters, were "noble beyond words." Her life has not been written, and her work was that of fiction, yet it is possible to feel, all the same, the woman behind the portrait, the woman within the work. She was a devoted daughter, a good mother, a delightful companion, and a true friend.

Mrs. Gaskell should be known and loved well in all our churches and by all our people, for she is an ideal product and noble type of our own religious tradition and training. The daughter of one minister, the wife of another, the friend of a third, she was imbued in a triple degree with the spirit and quality of cultured Nonconformity. Worshipping in two of our oldest chapels, she understood and loved our Presbyterian inheritance, of which she has given such a picturesque description in the story of Ruth and the character of "Mr. Benson."—(Vide *Seed Sower*, March, 1899).

She was born in London. Her father, William Stevenson, a Berwick man, was in turn classical tutor in the Manchester Academy, minister of the old Dob Lane Chapel, Failsworth, farmer in East Lothian, editor of more than one magazine, and finally keeper of the Records to the Treasury and living in Lindsey Row, Chelsea. Here his second child was born on September 29th, 1810, and named Elizabeth Cleghorn. Her mother was a Holland, of Sandlebridge, near Knutsford, but she died within a month of her daughter's birth. An aunt became her adopted mother, and Knutsford "her adopted native town." At fifteen she went to school at Stratford-on-Avon, two years later she spent one winter, and then another, with the Rev. William Turner, and, in 1832, she married the Rev. William Gaskell, of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, who had been for four years colleague of the Rev. J. Gorch Robberds. It was an ideal marriage, full of mutual helpfulness, she helping her husband in charitable works, and he in her literary labours. It is, indeed, to his suggestion that we owe her first novel, "Mary Barton," undertaken as an antidote to affliction on the death of their only son. No wonder that it is "a book with a sob in it" and a pathetic personal note throughout, for its vivid sympathy with suffering came from a suffering heart.

"Mary Barton" was accused of maligning the manufacturers and brought her attacks in the press, but it also brought her eminence and many friends, amongst whom were Charles Dickens, who secured her at once for his new "Household Words," and Charlotte Brontë, whose life she was afterwards asked to write.

"Cranford" appeared in chapters in "Household Words," and "North and South" in the same pages. The latter, like "Mary Barton," introduced the labour question, and evinced the same sympathy with the artizan, but with wiser reflection on this social problem. "Ruth" had already put forth "what the writer felt to be very plain and earnest truth," and its subject lay very close to her heart. But it was blamed for its outspokenness, and henceforth she confined her stories to more romantic topics.

"Sylvia's Lovers" is a romance of Whitby smugglers and press-gang adventures. "Cousin Phyllis" is a country idyll in prose, composed of sunshine, laughter, and tears. "Wives and Daughters" was, alas! left unfinished, but even with this disadvantage has gained next to the highest place in the affections of her readers.

For the highest niche is reserved for "Cranford"—quaint, old-fashioned, old-world "Cranford." It is her unique book, inferior to the rest in art, yet superior as a fresh and accurate picture of life. It is a mellow harmony of memory and fancy, of childhood recollections and imaginary situations. Sufficient of it is fact to locate "Cranford" in the actual Knutsford; sufficient of it imaginary to lift it free from a mere photographic record. The "real life" is not copied: the whole book is created, and amongst the characters thus brought into existence there stands at the head irresistibly the immortal Miss Matty. The crowning joy of the book centres in her kindly personality—so gentle, tranquil, simple, thoughtful, and, even in adversity, such a lady! Dear old Miss Matty, you do good to everybody. We love you, we laugh with you (but quietly), and we are obliged to blink our eyes sometimes because we cannot help ourselves. Yes, here is the real hold of "Cranford"—not alone that it is so picturesque, and quaint, and old-world, but still more because its humour is so tender, its flavour so pleasant, its sentiment so delicate and fragrant, without irony or acidity. It is sure of literary immortality.

KNUTSFORD CHAPEL.

Mrs. Gaskell died in 1865. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Drummond, and she was interred in the ancient chapel-yard at Knutsford, where her husband was later laid by her side. A simple stone cross marks the grave. But in Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, the congregation erected in her honour a tablet with this tribute upon it, which is a fitting summary of her noble life:

In Memory of
ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL,
Wife of the Rev. William Gaskell, M.A.,
One of the Ministers of this Chapel,
Widely honoured for her genius and the spirit
in which it was exercised.
Endeared by her rare graces of mind and heart
to all by whom she was known.
She fulfilled the duties of a wife and mother
with a tenderness and fidelity which
secured for her undying love,
And so lived in Christian faith and hope
that death, which came without a moment's
warning, had for her no sting.
Born Sept. 29, 1810. Died Nov. 12, 1865.
Erected by the Congregation in token
of their respect and regard.

FRANK K. FREESTON.

Notes and Jottings.

A good deal of discussion has been taking place lately upon Dr. Parker's scheme for a "United Congregational Church." The general current of opinion seems to be running against its adoption in the definite form in which it was proposed. Ready made constitutions are seldom applicable to existing conditions. Generally speaking they are too perfect and do not concede enough to the logic of human feeling and existing interests. Indirectly, however, the scheme has been already productive of good. It is based upon a large idea. It has made an appeal to the imagination. It has called attention to the need of co-operation and efficiency, and the Congregational Union will probably emerge from the ordeal of criticism better equipped for its work, with fewer sectional interests, and more united zeal for common religious ends. This is precisely what a wise development of the functions and activity of the National Conference might do for our own churches and religious societies. What they need above all else is greater efficiency through larger co-operation, an ideal of their mission and destiny and faith and enthusiasm to live for it. The growing importance of the "National Council of Evangelical Free Churches" is shown by the space given to the Bradford meeting in the newspapers. It has evidently passed out of the stage of tentative effort, when it was involved in the old controversies about the rights and liberties of Nonconformists, and has become an aggressive religious force in the community. It is clear, moreover, that it is the strongly "evangelical" section which is the predominant

partner, and it looks as if the liberals might soon find themselves in a position of uncomfortable compromise.

In this connection Mr. Greenhough's sermon at the opening session of the Council was a significant utterance. He pleaded for an acceptance of the doctrine of the Deity of Christ in its extreme scholastic form. He professed toleration for the Bible critic "so long as his knife did not touch the veracity, the unquestionable authority, the absolute infallibility of his Lord; but when his hands, dissecting the Gospels, fell on that, he recoiled with a shudder." Apart from belief in this doctrine, he told his hearers that "the talk about man's dignity was stage-mouthing, and the hope of immortality a vain-glorious dream;" and at the close he spoke with evident emphasis and intention of the impossibility of joining hands with those "who spoke doubtingly, ambiguously, or with bated breath of His Divinity, His Godhead, His substantial oneness with the Father whom He revealed. The Incarnation was to them the transcendent mystery, the sublime fact and keystone of the Christian system, without which the whole edifice had its creation on sand."

Perhaps a verbatim report of the sermon would help to elucidate the words which we have quoted from the abriged version in the *Christian World*. As they stand they are highly rhetorical, but it is rhetoric used with the deliberate purpose of putting all the forces of liberal thought in modern Nonconformity under the ban. We are amazed at Mr. Greenhough's highly-coloured dogmatism, and his complete abandonment of the simplicity of the New Testament for the subtleties of Catholic scholasticism. It is a more serious matter that such utterances appeal mainly to religious ignorance and prejudice, and help to create a divorce in the public mind between the Christianity of the churches and all that is noblest and most spiritual in modern thought.

In a sympathic reference to the death of Dr. Vance Smith, the *Christian World* notes that "his presence on the Board of Revisers is even still regarded by some as vitiating the new version of the New Testament." When will Christian people learn that there is not one law of truth for religion and another for secular knowledge? The accurate translation of the New Testament into English demands precisely the same qualities as are required for the translation of any other ancient classic, knowledge of the language, clearness and accuracy of mind, and a trained feeling for the exact meaning of words, in short, scholarship and not orthodoxy.

A most suggestive paper recently appeared in the *Christian Register* dealing with the difficulties of Unitarian work in the Southern States of America. There seems to be general agreement that progress and success are not at all commensurate to the efforts put forth. Probably social conditions and the deep ineradicable memories of the great war are largely responsible. "The race problem is still paramount. Many of the best families in the South are ready to agree to our preachment about the brotherhood of man, if the negro can be classified as something other than man. If Unitarians are true to their principles, they are not able to do this. To tell a Southern man that the blood which flows in his veins is the same as that which flows in the veins of a negro would mean at least that he would not join a Church which taught any such doctrine. This is as much a part of the Southern man as the colour of his eyes." "It is hard," the writer continues, "for our ideals to live in this atmosphere." We are familiar with the problem of the atmosphere nearer home. We are often depressed by it. It seems so hopeless to attempt to make it more congenial. We cease to expect a welcome, and are positively grateful if we are allowed to exist at all. And so our religious work contracts a tone of plaintiveness and apology, and we set about every new enterprise with chastened humbleness."

We commend the brave words of our American contemporary to our readers for their encouragement in the struggle to alter the atmosphere. "What is to be done? Why, hold this beautiful gospel with its blazing ideals afloat in the midst of this people until the light of it shall blind the eyes of prejudice."

Last month we called attention to Canon Henson's attempt to bring the Church of England into closer spiritual fellowship with Nonconformity. He has now appealed to a

wider public by his book, "Cross-Bench Views of Church Questions." It is full of vigorous writing, and shows a mind bent upon grappling with realities with a true instinct for the immediate and the practical. It contains the remarkable essay, "Our unhappy divisions, a plea for the recognition of non-episcopal churches," which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in December of last year.

Art and Life.

HUGH OF LINCOLN AND KING JOHN.

Strange as it may sound to Puritan ears, the great art of the Middle Ages grew with the deepening, and declined with the decay, of religion. The various monastic and missionary orders of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries were the main factors in the creation of a new civic and artistic life in Europe. The mainspring of Feudalism, which was, perhaps, the highest form of civilisation that the world has ever seen, was an entire and absolute faith in God and His communications with men. There was no doubt, no agonising inquiry, no diseased self-introspection. As Carlyle has said, religion was then "a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing and interpenetrating the whole of life." Imperfect as the medievals might be, with their "litanies, shaven crowns and vows of poverty," they testified "incessantly and indisputably to every heart, that this Earthly Life and its riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but are a shadow of realities eternal, infinite; that this Time World, as an air-image, fearfully emblematic, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity; and man's little Life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell." This was the faith both of the man that fell and the man that conquered at the Battle of Hastings, and the faith that covered England with Castles and Cathedrals.

The Normans did not understand the principles of our two great modern achievements, Locomotion and Drainage; but they knew that there was a God, and that they had souls, and that there were such realities as Heaven and Hell; and though they had no machinery, they had tools; and they knew how to use them; and they could build cities and churches and towers, and weave tapestries, and write parchment books, and forge steel armour and weapons, which are now the despair of the modern workman.

William the Conqueror, who ranks with Alfred and Cromwell among the three greatest and *godliest* rulers of England, rebuilt every cathedral in the country, and planted, in nearly every instance, a castle by its side,—which was not then a lordly pleasure-house for some rich and irresponsible baron, but a royal headquarters of the Government, and a symbol of the national order and well-being. He had a wife as noble and devout as himself. At Caen he and she raised a pair of splendid churches,—one for monks, the other for nuns, to cover their graves. The churches still stand, to tell us what a true king and queen can be to one another and to the world. Their solid masonry and strong circular arches speak of a powerful race, passing, under the influences of religion, from a savage warrior to the knight of chivalry.

Architecture was quickly followed by Sculpture, which indeed was only a branch of the same art; and it was religious. The Norman kings and prelates, who dearly loved the chase, carved rough figures of their horses and dogs and deer and falcons on the walls of their buildings; using, let it be observed, what was familiar and a pleasure to them, for ornament, —life and art going hand in hand. Then, when the sculptor had grown more expert, scenes from the lives of Christ and the saints were attempted, such as may be seen on the west front of Lincoln Cathedral. They are crude performances, shewing very little knowledge of the *science* of art, but very much of its true *spirit*. Centuries later art is full of science, but is without the spirit; and that is why the rough Norman work, so direct and earnest and simple, is a nobler art than what is now done by some of our best academicians. The sculptured pictures at Lincoln were done by men who had profound faith in their significance, who cut them as messages from God to the people, and therefore set them at the entrances, at points where the eye following the bend of the arch upward would naturally find them and rest. This art,

like all great art whatsoever, was *evangelistic*—that is, done for the glory of God and the good of men's souls; and not again the souls of a few private patrons and buyers, but of the common people, and *all* people, including kings, if they passed that way.

One who often looked on these sculptures, and felt the meaning of them, was the good bishop commonly known as Saint Hugh. He was a monk from the mountain solitude of the Grande Chartreuse, who came, with something of the purity and sunshine and strength of the Alpine summits in his heart, to Henry II's new Carthusian foundation at Witham, and in 1186 was made Bishop of Lincoln. During the last years of his life, 1192-1200, he rebuilt a large portion of the Cathedral, in the new style, now called Early English, which is as refined and beautiful as St. Hugh's own nature. It is a proof of the inseparability of art and life, that this lovely work at Lincoln should be bound up with one of the noblest saints in the English Calendar.

Hugh was utterly fearless, both of Henry II. and his sons, Richard and John, when they in turn came to the throne. By the indescribable and inexplicable force of character alone he dared to say things to these kings from which the bravest knight would have shrunk. At the funeral of Richard at Fontevrault, in 1199, in the church, he exhorted John to leave his vices and repent; and then, leading him to the porch, where was a sculpture, like that at Amiens, of the Last Judgment, he shewed to him a group of kings, with their regalia, among the condemned on their way to torment, and bade him learn from their terrible example. Even this poor sinful wretch, the worst of all the Norman and Angevin princes, seems to have been momentarily affected. Crossing to the other side of the picture, on the left, he pointed to a company of kings, with crowns of jewels on their heads, conducted by angels to everlasting happiness. "These, my lord Bishop," he said, "are the examples you should hold up to me, whom I swear to follow and persist in following." Vows with John were like straws; but the incident is significant of the close connection between art and life at the end of the twelfth century.

E. I. F.

In Memoriam!

BILLY:

1886—1901.

Your cage is empty now, dear bird; and, in the silence of the room, we shall never hear you spread your wing again, nor lightly fly from perch to perch; the long familiar sounds of your gay little life are hushed; no sharpening of busy bill, no nibbling of small seeds, no scattering of water-drops, no soft contented twitter or jubilant burst of sudden song shall break the stillness now.

You were a bird only, one of a thousand millions; the smallest of your feathers, falling upon water, would have stirred the surface more visibly than your fifteen years of life have touched this whirling world; a mere half-ounce you were of mortal matter, a little feathered jewel of black and grey and gold and red, a fluffy ball of peace, a frail vessel of gorgeous song; yet you were something more than this, and the few inches that are your grave do not hold all that remains of you, Billy.

For you had virtues, and wisdom after your kind, and a spirit all your own. Who can say you were not wise? When liberty was given you, you proved yourself a sage; a few merry flights round the room, and you were ready to enjoy freedom soberly; neither the open door nor the fire's glow tempted you to folly; it was seldom that a rebellious temper bade you shun at nightfall the bars that were also your protection.—Are we as wise in this as you?

You were brave, and feared neither bird, nor mouse, nor man; you were diligent; and if you devised occupations that seemed trifling to us, why, what are we ourselves but birds in this? Do we not also scatter seeds wastefully, and enjoy the wanton splashing of water?—do we not cunningly unfasten latches in search of false liberty, and labour for hours at the tearing of wires with weak bills?—being given a few hours of freedom, do we use them better than you did? You pulled at fringes, and tore paper to pieces, and plucked the bead eyes out of the pigs on the pen-wiper. Well—we too are busy in strange ways; we too can sing low songs for hours to our own image in the shining surfaces we find.

Alas! we are not so merry as you were, Billy; we do not sing for joy at the mere presence of our friends, nor greet each sunbeam that enters the narrow room; on foggy days we do not sit and wait for the light, patiently content, rousing ourselves now and again for a sip and a seed and a cheering twitter; we do not trust the Powers that surround us as you trusted us; when sickness and old age are upon us, we do not bear infirmity as you bore it. For, when your days of flight were over,

and your eyesight dim, when the topmost perch had become a thing forbidden, you were patient and your spirit was not quelled; you fought against sickness, hailed the sun still, answered our voices, and rejoiced, although in song ever feebler, at all that was left you still of life and love.

Therefore, having watched you all your days, I here thank you, little friend, for your sweet presence and for your unconscious teachings. You are gone now, but not dead whilst those you cheered so long have memory.

I can find no reason to believe that your gay and valiant little soul has not fallen, a bright drop, into that Ocean whence all deathless things have come, and into which all shall return again.—*Herb o' Grace.*

News from the Field.

Our work goes on but workers disappear. Who among us can forget the strenuous pressman and notable preacher, P. W. Clayden, who now drops out of our ranks? He came to us, as many other good men have done, from the Congregational body, but he enriched us by his vigour and literary ability and by his fine gifts as a preacher. In Boston, Rochdale, Nottingham, and London he made a deep and lasting impression. Of a different type was George Vance Smith, who in the ripeness of an honoured age has just passed away. He was a man of varied gifts and of ripe scholarship, and he ranked with the foremost Bible students of the day. As a Biblical critic and conversationalist of the older type among us he held a foremost place, and the latest years of his studious life were devoted to the completion of his protest against many of the doctrines associated with a theology which is passing away. His name will always rank among the teachers of Manchester New College and of Caermarthen.

Old workers pass away, but new ones come. Not only do our own colleges supply us with young and capable men, but all the so-called orthodox churches, in turn, send to us some of their promising preachers. One feature, however, must not be lost sight of. We see men coming among us and taking positions as ministers who have not had the usual training for the ministry, but whose aptitudes have won for them the approval of some of our congregations. This is a risky experiment, and it is to be hoped it may be justified by the results.

What unrest and change you have had in the Midlands! Your Ministerial ranks are rapidly changing. Messrs. Timmis, Dean, Shelley, Homer, and Hall are gone or going, and Mr. Howard has retired. But you are receiving Messrs. Thomas, Voysey, and Gorton, and others are on their way. More changes, at no distant day, are inevitable. May we not hope that the standard of religious liberalism may be kept flying at the mast top, and that new and larger work may be undertaken and accomplished? We look to the new President and Treasurer, and the old officers of the Midland Christian Union to keep the cause alive and vigorous.

All parts of the country have been telling the story of their work, but from north to south there are no striking evidences of growth. There is the usual ebb and flow of the tide—but we are among the neap tides at present.

The best signs I have noted are the work in connection with the "Guilds Union;" the effort in north and east Lancashire by the aided congregations to form by their own efforts and sacrifices a fund to help them towards independence; a similar movement in east Cheshire, where they are setting to work to raise £5000 as a Missionary Fund; the extension of work in the Liverpool district, through the energetic ministry of Rev. H. D. Roberts; and, by no means least, the splendid work done by Rev. W. J. Clarke and his assistants at the Hurst Street Mission, Birmingham.

On the other hand it troubles one to see how the effort at Crewe seems to flag, and how many of our Missionary causes are hampered for lack of money and suitable men

After all perhaps it is the men who are the first need. The prophet will win a place when and wherever he comes.

The Superannuation Committee have got their splendid fund, and are devising the trusts on which it is to be administered. No doubt, before final steps are taken, they will report to the Conference who gave them existence and a mandate, and obtain their approval of the details of their elaborate scheme.

In the meantime in real superannuation, in the rendering of present help to men who are not superannuated but are temporarily broken down in health, and to widows and orphans of the workers among us the Ministers' Benevolent Society is growing in usefulness every day.

Shall we ever see one great fund—the blending of all our present ones—by which a Superannuation Fund shall adequately provide for every Minister who gives his life to his work, and then is provided for in the evening of his days. Have we statesmanship enough among us to bring this about?

The effort by the Rev. C. J. Street, of Bolton, to raise an adequate fund for the widow and children of the late Rev. Joseph Harrison, is a fine monument to the generosity of our people throughout the country, and proves, once more, that they have only to know of genuine need to secure that it shall be properly provided for.

The broad-mindedness of the Vicar of Eccles, in Lancashire, in giving an opportunity in his Church for the representation of Nonconformist Churches to state what is their contribution to the religious life of the nation is worthy of all praise. It is a pity the Bishop of the Diocese interposed so that Principal Gordon could not, though the Vicar invited him, state the Unitarian position. But the invitation was a proof of the fine spirit of the Vicar, and his own statement of the contribution of Unitarianism to the liberalisation of the thought of the age was a notable utterance. We must see if we cannot give a worthy response to such liberalism as this in the Establishment.

One note of warning! Are we not rushing into danger? Some people seem zealous just now in making it appear that there is a rivalry and antagonism between the Triennial Conference and the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. It is not so—and cannot be so, if the leaders are wise. But a guard must be kept on tongue and pen, or we shall be in the midst of a painful and useless controversy. SCRUTATOR.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

[We regret that the charming little poem, called "My Daughters on the Beach," which appeared in our February number, was, by a mistake, not ours, attributed to Mr. J. R. Green. It appears that it was written by Mr. Stopford Brooke. The mistake is due to Mr. Leslie Stephen, the editor of Green's Letters, who there announces Green as its author. Probably Green had made a copy of Mr. Brooke's poem, and Leslie Stephen, finding it among his papers, jumped to the wrong conclusion as to its authorship. We apologise to Mr. Brooke for repeating the mistake.]

Father Thrush.

The thrush was a bachelor early in March,
And now there's a wife with a velvety heart;
There's a house in the quick
Never builded of brick,
And a capital egg for a start.

The thrush was a bachelor early in March,
And now there's a medley of bosom and bill!
There are Susan and Dick,
In the daggers of quick,
And a couple of golden throats still.

Bees.

You voluble,
Velvety,
Vehement fellows,
That play on your
Flying and
Musical 'cellos,
All goldenly
Girdled you
Serenade clover,
Each artist in
Bass but a
Bibulous rover!

You passionate,
Powdery,
Pastoral bandits,
Who gave you your
Roaming and
Rollicking mandates?
Come out of my
Foxgloves; come
Out of my roses,
You bees with the
Plushy and
Plausible noses!

Cradle Song.

Bees are resting sugary thighs,
Stars awake in the evening skies,
Timothy, Timothy, close your eyes,
King of the cradle, sleep.

Sleep, my honey, O sleep, my star,
Dream where the rainbow ribbons are,
Ride with the Queen in the Fairies' car,—
King of the cradle, sleep.

Father is tossing upon the sea,
Timothy rocks at home with me;
Weary of trumpet, and cannon, and knee,
King of the cradle, sleep.

God, whose babies are many and far,
Keep him from craft, and save from war;
Give to my rose from a golden star,
Honey and innocent sleep.

Carrying Angela.

Leaving our lodgings, I have for a task
The prettiest, surely, an idler could ask—
Carrying Angela down to the beach,
A bundle of prattle, and soft as a peach.

Lazily watching the children, I find
Content for my heart and refreshment of mind,
Making a door in a sandy abode,
Or draining a ditch or devising a road.

Home then to dinner all laden with shells,
With curious pebbles and flowery bells;
Angela rides me, a mistress most fair,
Her heels at my chest and her fist in my hair.

NORMAN GALE, *from Songs for Little People.*

Tim's Grace.

When Baby Tim, who's very small,
Says grace for me, and Nurse, and Paul,
He asks the Lord to make us all
"Ter-looly fankful."

And if we laugh till we are red,
Nurse strokes his sandy-coloured head,
And loves him because he said
"Ter-looly fankful."

For when he's older, Nursie says,
And grown from all his pretty ways,
She'll often miss his funny phrase
"Ter-looly fankful."